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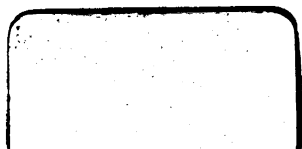
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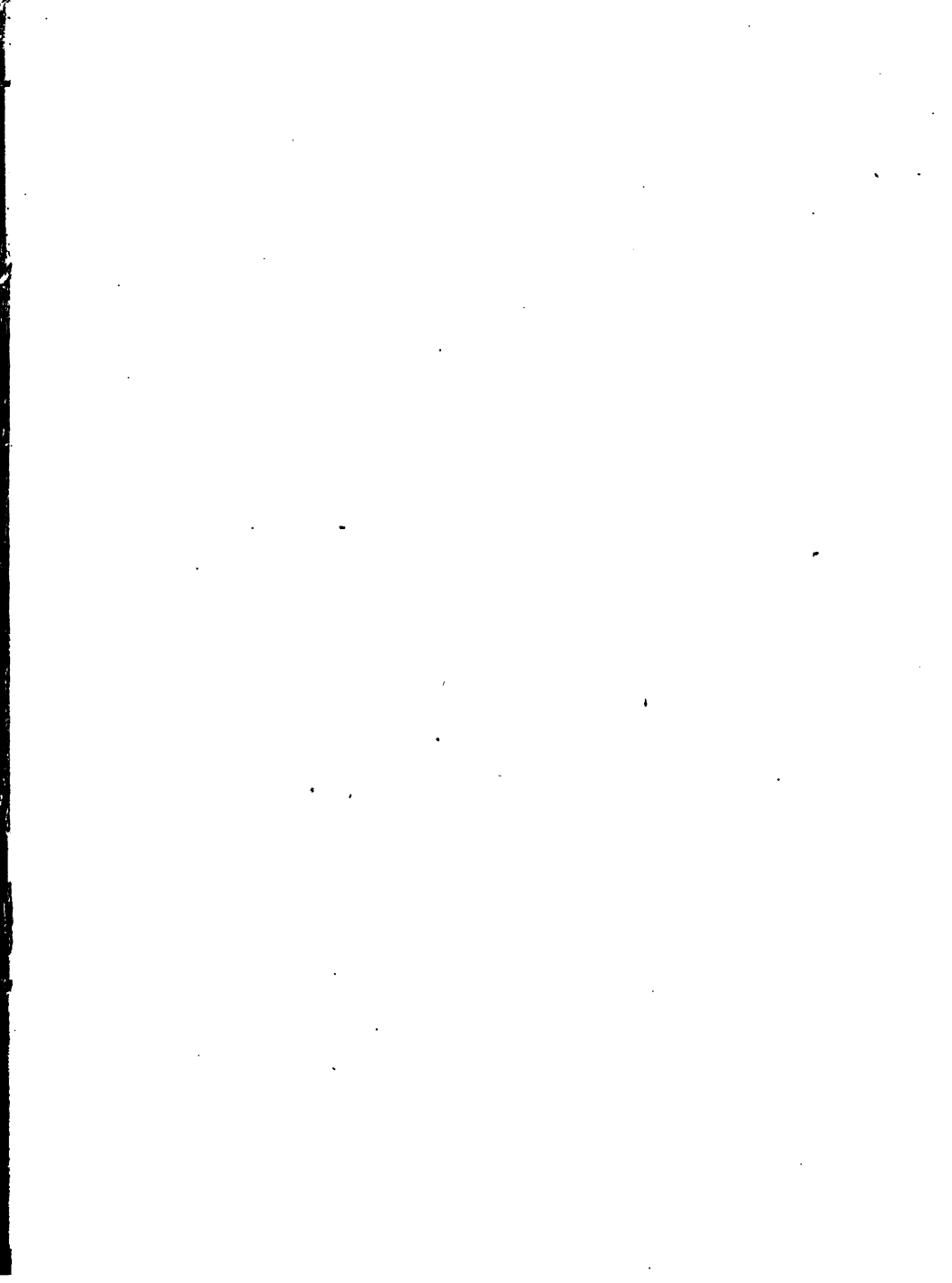
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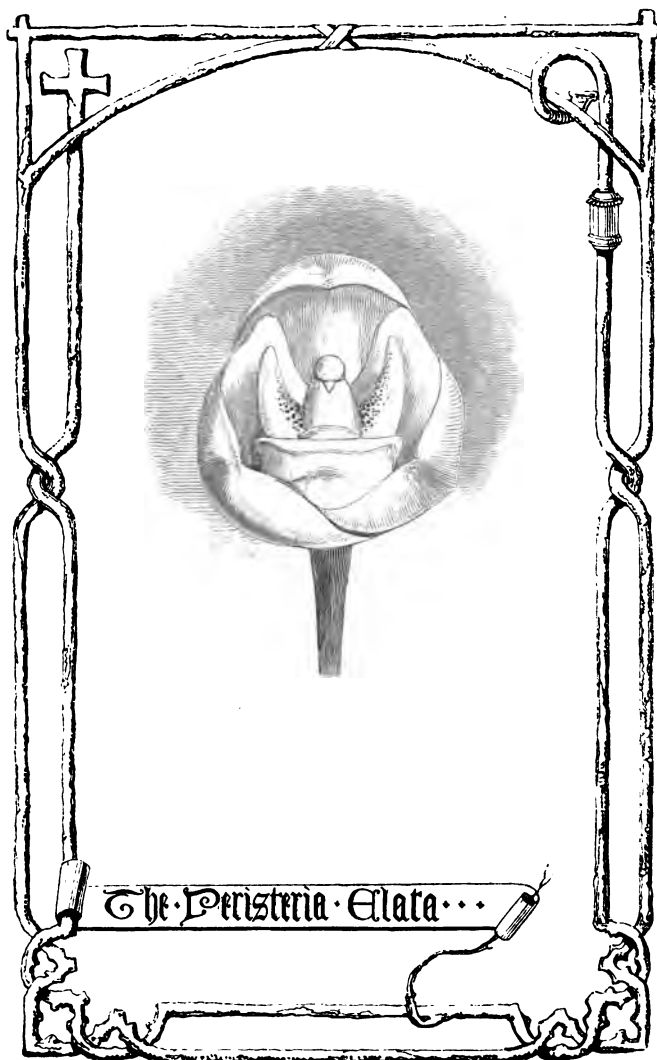
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poem

✓

*Miss Alice
from her friend
P. M. M. M.*

PETRA,
AND OTHER POEMS.



The Peristeria Elata...

P E T R A,

A POEM.

S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

TO WHICH A FEW SHORT POEMS
ARE NOW ADDED.

BY

JOHN WILLIAM BURGON, B.A.

OF WORCESTER COLLEGE.

Πάνυ δὴ ΔΕΙ χρῆσθαι λέγειν ἡμᾶς.

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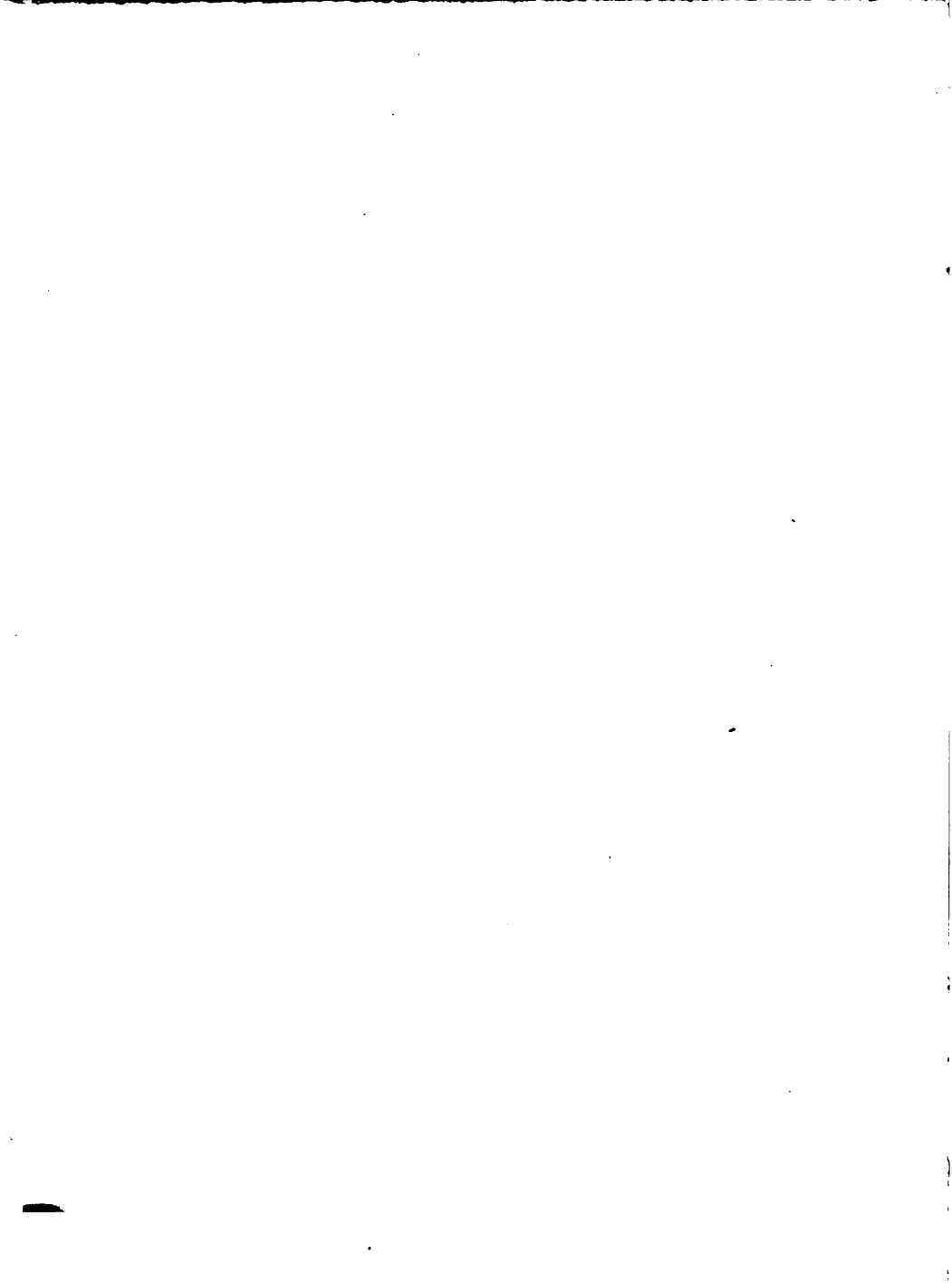
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TO
DAWSON TURNER, ESQ., M.A.,
LL.D., F.R., A., & L.S., ETC.
OF GREAT YARMOUTH,
IN REMEMBRANCE
OF MUCH PERSONAL KINDNESS,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS VERY GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

953
B957
pet
1846

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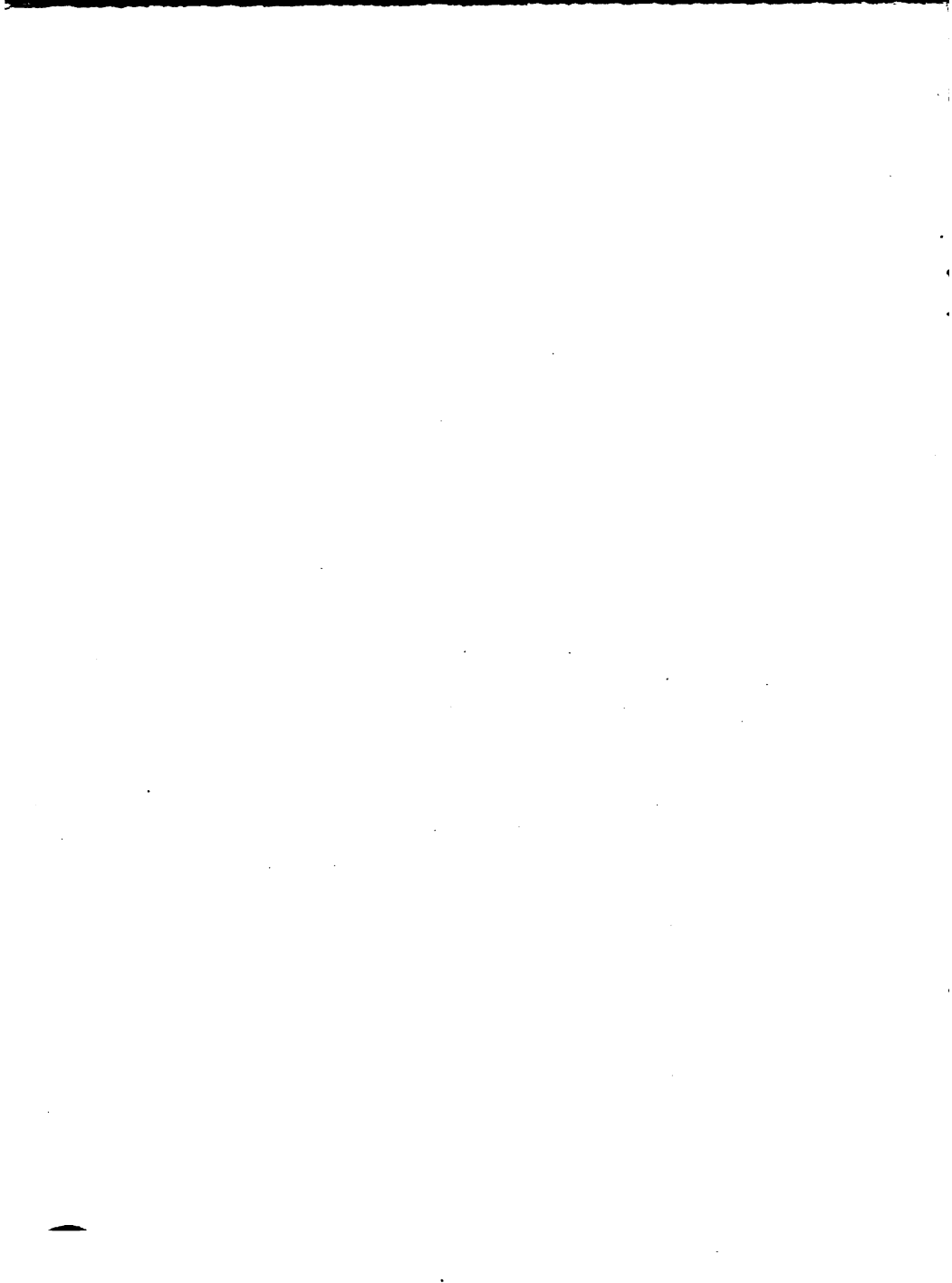


P R E F A C E.

A Second Edition of *PETRA* has been called for; and the writer avails himself of the opportunity to make several corrections, chiefly verbal, throughout. It has not been thought necessary to repeat on the title-page that it was "a Prize Poem, recited in the Theatre, Oxford, June 4, 1845;" but the circumstance, however unimportant, may be allowed to find a record here.

A few short Poems, written at different periods, but now printed for the first time, are subjoined. The favour which *PETRA* has enjoyed, suggests the hope that these trifles, which have hitherto appealed only in manuscript to the sympathies of private friends, may not be thought unworthy the perusal of a larger circle.

WORCESTER COLLEGE,
FEB., 1846.



PETRA,—

THE capital of that portion of Arabia which is thence called Petræa,—occupies a mountain-hollow in the rocky region known to the readers of Scripture by the name of SEIR ; a territory which extends from the north-eastern extremity of the Arabian gulph to the south of the Dead Sea ; and which the Almighty assigned to the Edomites, or the descendants of Esau. It is twice mentioned in the Bible by the equivalent Hebrew name SĒLAH, or *the Rock* : and thenceforward, (namely, from the seventh or eighth century before our æra,) it obtains no further notice for four hundred years. During this interval, the Nabathæans, or descendants of Nebaioth, the eldest son of Ishmael, had expelled the Edomites from their ancient stronghold, and driven them northward ; where their territory was recognised for a few centuries under the Hellenized name of Idumæa. Then it was that one portion of the prophecy concerning the descendants of Esau obtained its fulfilment : they faded from the world's eye, and ceased to be a nation.

Petræa, henceforth part of the Nabathæan territory, became a Roman province ; and PETRA, as some ancient historians relate, and as its astonishing ruins abundantly

testify, continued to be its wealthy and flourishing capital. It obtains some slight Ecclesiastical notice so late as the sixth century: but from that time it suddenly disappears from the page of history; and the doom pronounced on the land of the Edomites was entirely accomplished. PETRA had continued wholly unknown for twelve hundred years, when the adventurous Burckhardt discovered its ruins in 1812.

Some valuable and interesting notices of this wonderful city and the surrounding region, are found in the second volume of Dr. Robinson's Biblical Researches; but the pencil of Roberts has told the story of the present state of Edom better than any pen.

ARGUMENT.

SACRED associations allow us to regard the land of Edom almost as the birth-place of song.—In the desolation with which it has been visited, Petra has shared largely.—Enviably feelings of the Traveller who discovered its forgotten site.—The magnificent scenery around Petra,—recalling the miracle of the Exode.—Wonderful approach to the city.—Meditation on its beautiful ruins.—The grandeur—gaiety (suggested by the remains of a theatre)—and flourishing condition of Petra in the time of the Romans,—from which, in common with the rest of the cities of Edom, it fell by some awful, but unrecorded, visitation.—The early and later state of the surrounding country contrasted.—Its present barrenness exhibits the fulfilment of the prophecies concerning it; denounced chiefly in consequence of the hostility of the Edomites against the children of Israel.

The Poem concludes by contrasting the hopeless desolation of Edom and the extinction of Esau's descendants, with the prospects of the Holy Land, and the glorious promises in store for the posterity of Jacob.

"THE PRIDE OF THINE HEART HATH DECEIVED THEE, THOU
THAT DWELLEST IN THE CLEFTS OF THE ROCK, WHOSE HABITATION
IS HIGH; THAT SAITH IN HIS HEART, WHO SHALL
BRING ME DOWN TO THE GROUND?

"THOUGH THOU EXALT THYSELF AS THE EAGLE, AND
THOUGH THOU SET THY NEST AMONG THE STARS, THENCE
WILL I BRING THEE DOWN, SAITH THE LORD."

OBADIAH.

P e t r a.

SPIRIT of Song! that oft at dewy eve,
When Elfin sprites their frolic dances weave,
Meetest the poet as he walks unseen
The twilight valley, or the dusky green;—
Or by some mountain lake's romantic brim
Wakest the drowsy echoes, all for him;—
And many a time art well content to stray
Where garden-alleys quench the blaze of day,
And small birds sing, and bubbling fountains play;)
Know'st thou the land—a land of giant mould—
By Heav'n assign'd to Edom's race of old*?

"I have given Mount Seir unto Esau for a possession." Deut. ii. 5.

Where rocks on rocks—on mountains mountains pil'd—
 Have form'd a scene so wondrous and so wild,
 That gazing there man seems to gaze upon
 The rough rude ocean frozen into stone?
 Full well thou know'st! for sure, when Israel wound
 His homeward journey o'er that hallow'd ground,—
 Forc'd in the depths of those wild hills to wait,
 And kneel, a suppliant, at his brother's gate,—
 While burning anthems rose from many a tongue,
 Not coldly mute the harp of Judah hung!
 And did not one, in yet remoter time,
 Wake there the 'birth-notes of the holy chime?'
 Doth not to Edom's rugged land belong
 The man of Uz—the Morning-star of song^b!
 Yea, and to Fancy's ear, o'er rock and hill
 More solemn harpings there are floating still.
 Harps that long since have been attun'd above
 To hymns of joy, and seraph-lays of love,
 In awful strains from many a trembling wire
 Have pour'd o'er Edom words of deepest ire!

^b Job i. 1.—The date commonly assigned to this Book, the most ancient in the world, is B. C. 1530.—The land where Job dwelt, (which seems to have derived its name from Uz, the grandson of Shem, Gen. x. 23.) is identified with Edom by the prophet Jeremiah, Lament. iv. 21.

Words that yet live and burn—in whose keen ray
 The light and life of Edom ebb'd away :
 Still fading, star-like, from the blaze of day^c!
 And thou too, Petra, tho' the Roman came
 And fann'd thy dying glories into flame ;
 Rear'd the tall column—spread the stately dome—
 And seem'd the founder of a second Rome,—
 How brief the pageant^d! On thy dying brow
 Men laid a crown—but who shall crown thee now ?
 A thousand summers o'er thy ruins crept :
 A thousand winters o'er thy ruins wept :
 A thousand years—and still the very spot
 Where once thou wert so glorious, was forgot !

What joy was his—the wandering man, who first
 Dissolv'd the spell !—on whom the Vision burst
 Of that enchanted City, as it lay
 Bath'd in the splendours of a Syrian day.
 O Fancy, thou that must so oft have shed
 Dreams of its beauty round his sleeping head ;
 Woke in his heart the wild-bird's wish to roam,
 And told of marvels in that mountain-home ;

^c The prophecies concerning Edom, in fulness and minuteness, are second only to those concerning the chosen people of God.

^d “Whereas Edom saith, We are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places; thus saith the LORD of Hosts, *They shall build, but I will throw down.*” Malachi i. 4.

Still be it thine with angel-hand to guide
 These longing footsteps by that Trav'ler's side!
 Waft o'er mine ear one echo of the strain
 Which dark-ey'd Kedar pours along the plain;
 Or let one gaze, how brief soe'er, inspire
 These falt'ring lips to glow with Eastern fire!
 Sudden,—around me, rocks and cliffs arise;
 The earth their footstool, and their crown the skies:
 Some—soaring steep,—as if to curtain round
 From mortal gaze each nook of holy ground:
 Some—prostrate hurl'd,—as if by that fierce storm
 Which rent the mountains, when th' Almighty form
 'Rose up from Seir;' and trembling Sinai saw
 His thousand Saints dispense His fiery law*.
 And one there is which, beetling o'er the rest,
 Pillows a Prophet on its rocky crest†:

* The scene of terrific splendour which attended the delivery of the Law, so dimly hinted at in the Book of Exodus, is partly disclosed in later portions of the Bible. Thus in Deuteronomy, (xxxiii. 2;) "The LORD came from Sinai, and rose up from Seir unto them; he shined forth from Mount Paran, and he came with ten thousands of saints: from his right hand went a fiery law for them." Compare Ps. lxxviii. 17, and the references to the New Testament in the margin. See also the seventh and eighth verses of the same Psalm; which seem a quotation from the Song of Deborah and Barak.

† "And Moses did as the LORD commanded: and they went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped

Uplifted high—where none but stars may keep
 Their bright-ey'd vigils round his saintly sleep :
 Or rushing winds from Pisgah's kindred height
 Pour a wild requiem through the noon of night.
 Fit scene for marvels ! In such land should none
 But giants move, and giant deeds be done.
 O'er such huge hills might fitly seem to stray
 A ransom'd people on their homeward way.
 In such wild valleys, round their ark rever'd,
 At set of sun their myriad tents be rear'd.
 Myriads ! and yet, above them and around,
 Such giant features of the landscape frown'd,
 They seem'd no more—that people and their guide—
 Than Jethro's flock on Horeb's hallow'd side !

Ah say, ere gather'd in their destin'd fold,
 While Israel wander'd o'er this waste of old ;
 As, eve by eve, upon these mountains brown,
 Silent as snow the heavenly bread came down ;—
 From the cleft rock as gush'd the sparkling wave
 To cheer their sinking spirits, and to save ;—
 And the bright pillar, through the livelong night,
 Shed o'er their tents its soft celestial light ;—

Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son ; and Aaron
 died there in the top of the Mount." Numb. xx. 27, 28.

Did none perchance of Judah's faithful line
 Read the high teaching of each heav'n-sent sign?^a
 Say—while around him others pin'd forlorn
 For Canaan's valleys 'standing thick with corn'—
 Did no fond heart, with nobler instinct fraught,
 Sigh for the substance which those shadows taught?
 On trembling pinions seek to soar above,
 Refin'd by sorrow, and sublim'd by love,—
 Till Faith discern'd what Reason dimly scann'd,
 And Hope gave promise of the better Land?

Still on for Petra,—till the desert wide
 Shrinks to a valley; and on either side
 The rude rock springeth, and a long array
 Of tombs, forgotten, sadden all the way^b.
 Then the earth yawns, terrific: and a path,
 By Nature fram'd in waywardness or wrath,
 Winds where two rocks precipitously frown,—
 The giant warders of that wondrous town!ⁱ

^a The spiritual intent of both Sacraments was clearly set forth by Moses in the wilderness. Deut. viii. 3, and x. 16.

^b "The valley contracts more and more, and the cliffs become higher, presenting on each side a street of tombs Here is the opening of the terrific chasm, which anciently formed the only avenue to the city on this side." Robinson, ii. p. 515, 516.

ⁱ "The rocks are all of reddish sand-stone, perpendicular on both sides; and in some places they overhang the passage, so as almost to

Day comes not here,—or in such spectral guise,
 She seems an outcast from yon happy skies.
 In silent awe the Arab steals along,
 Nor cheers his camels with their wonted song.
 Well may the spirit, left alone to brood
 On the dim shapes which haunt that solitude,
 O'erflow with joy—that dreary pathway past—
 When Petra bursts upon the gaze at last.

O passing beautiful—in this wild spot
 Temples, and tombs, and dwellings,—all forgot!
 One sea of sunlight far around them spread,
 And skies of sapphire mantling overhead.
 They seem no work of man's creative hand,
 Where Labour wrought as wayward Fancy plann'd;
 But from the rock as if by magic grown,
 Eternal—silent—beautiful—alone!
 Not virgin white—like that old Doric shrine^k
 Where once Athena held her rites divine:
 Not saintly grey—like many a minster fane

shut out the light of the sky. . . . Indeed the whole vast mass of rock seems as if originally rent asunder by some great convulsion of nature, leaving behind this long, narrow, winding, magnificent chasm." Ibid. p. 516.

^k The Parthenon was constructed of the marble from Mount Pentelicus,—“admitting as fine a surface, and presenting as beautiful a colour, as ivory.” Leake's Athens, i. p. 334.

That crowns the hill, or sanctifies the plain :
 But rosy-red¹,—as if the blush of dawn
 Which first beheld them were not yet withdrawn :
 The hues of youth upon a brow of woe,
 Which men call'd old two thousand years ago !
 Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime,—
 A rose-red city—' half as old as Time !'

And this is Petra—this the lofty boast
 Of Edom's once unconquerable coast !
 These the gay halls thro' which, in days of old,
 The tide of life so rapturously roll'd !
 These the proud streets where Wealth, with lavish hand,
 Pour'd the rich spoils of ev'ry Orient land ;
 All that the seaman's timid barque beguiles,
 To Cush and Ophir, ' Tarshish and the Isles :'
 Afric's red gold,—Arabia's spicy store,—
 And pearl and plume from India's furthest shore^m !

¹ "Not the least remarkable circumstance in the peculiarities of this singular spot, is the colour of the rocks. They present not a dead mass of dull monotonous red; but an endless variety of bright and living hues, from the deepest crimson to the softest pink." Robinson, ii. 531. Irby and Mangles, and Laborde, repeatedly notice the singular effect of the "rose-coloured granite" of Petra.

^m "The inhabitants of this region had early become extremely engaged in commerce, as the carriers of the rich products of the East between the Red Sea and the ports of the Phenicians. In the first expedition sent by Antigonus, the men of Petra were absent at a mart, and Athenæus found in Petra a large quantity of frankincense and myrrh,

How chang'd—how fallen! All her glory fled,
 The widow'd city^a mourns her many dead.
 Like some fond heart which gaunt Disease hath left
 Of all it liv'd for—all it lov'd, bereft;
 Mute in its anguish! struck with pangs too deep
 For words to utter, or for tears to weep.

Yet hearts and eyes there be, well skill'd to trace
 The living features in the lifeless face,
 For whom that silent desert air seems rife
 With tuneful voices and the pulse of life.
 For them sweeps by in glitt'ring pomp again
 The warlike pageant and the peaceful train:
 For them bright shadows fill these vacant halls,
 And Beauty wakes where'er their footstep falls.
 "Heard ye it not?"—the bright-ey'd dreamer cries,—
 "Heard ye no shout from yonder seats arise^o?"

and five hundred talents of silver. Strabo relates that the merchandise of India and Arabia was transported on camels from Leuce Kome to Petra, and thence to Rhinocolura, and other places. Under the Romans this trade appears to have become still more prosperous," &c. Robinson, ii. 561, 562.

^a On the coins of Petra, the city is represented as a veiled and turreted female sitting on a rock. Cf. Jeremiah, Lament. i. 1.

^o One of the first objects which arrests the eye of the traveller, on emerging from the terrific defile which forms the approach to Petra, is a "theatre, wholly hewn out of the live rock. . . . The cliffs on each side are full of tombs; while in front, along the face of the eastern cliffs, the eye of the spectator rests on a multitude of the largest and most splendid

(And his rapt gaze in ecstasy is bent
 On what seems Pleasure's mournful monument.)
 "Ye deem the actor and his mimic rage
 "Pass'd like a shadow from yon ruin'd stage;
 "But to mine eye he lives and moves:—'tis *we*
 "Are shadows here—the substance only he!
 "Or do I dream?—they come and fade so fast—
 "Now here, now there,—now present, and now past.
 "But now, a stern old King^p,—whom anguish strong
 "Had goaded into madness,—stalk'd along,
 "Sightless and crownless: . . . now, a Maiden^q stands
 "Ev'n where he stood; and in her lily hands
 "Enfolds an urn: ineffable the grace,—
 "The marble sorrow of that classic face!
 "It fades—'tis fled! . . . and on a lofty car
 "There sits another^r: like some baleful star
 "Glares her wild eye";—and from her lips of ire

sepulchres. Strange contrast! where a taste for the frivolities of the day, was at the same time gratified by the magnificence of tombs; amusement in a cemetery; a theatre in the midst of sepulchres." Robinson, ii. p. 521, 522.

^p Oedipus.—See the CEd. Tyr. v. 1307, and following verses.

^q Electra.—See the passage beginning *ὁ φιλτάτου μνημείον ἀνθρώπων ἐμολί*. Soph. El. 1126.

^r Cassandra.—Æsch. Ag. 1039. 1054.

^s Ibid. 1063. *τρόπος δὲ θηρὸς ὡς νεαίρέτου*.

"Streams a full torrent of prophetic fire^t.

"She raves,—she rises,—and with frenzied hand

"Dashes to earth her garland and her wand". . . .

"Sublimely beautiful! When this is o'er

"Let nothing follow.—I will gaze no more!"

And did ye thus, ye men of Petra,—say,

Thus did ye while the listless hours away?

Tho' ev'ry cliff, tho' ev'ry crag around,

With graves on graves innumerable frown'd,—

Thus could ye sit, contented with a toy,

And lapt in dreams of unsubstantial joy?

Light-hearted race! o'er them it flung no gloom

That Echo answer'd from a kinsman's tomb.

Bred in these mountain valleys, those dark eyes,

Fierce as their summer,—cloudless as their skies,—

Belov'd and loving,—blest and blessing,—here

Made friends with Death throughout the livelong year^v:

^t Ibid. 1215. ὅπ' αὖ με δεινὸς ὀρθομαντείας πόνος | στορβεί, τὰρδάσων φροιμοῖς ἐφημοῖς, κ. τ. λ.

^v ἔτ' ἐς φθόρον πεσόντ'. See Ibid. 1264—1270.

^v "In looking at the wonders of this ancient city, one is at a loss whether most to admire the wildness of the position and natural scenery, or the taste and skill with which it was fashioned into a secure retreat, and adorned with splendid structures,—chiefly for the dead. The most striking feature of the place consists, not in the fact that there are occasional excavations and sculptures like those above described; but in the innumerable multitude of such excavations, along the whole extent

And hop'd, perchance, when Life's gay round was o'er,
 And joy and sorrow sway'd their hearts no more,
 Their faithful souls, unfetter'd, yet might dwell
 Amid the haunts they lov'd in life so well!

And Petra thus had rear'd another race
 In turn to revel in her 'pride of place :'
 Thus the old eagles of imperial Rome
 Seem'd on her hills to find a second home :
 And Roman arts with Roman arms arose,
 To blot the mem'ry of her former foes.
 Tho' Edom's line, by Ishmael's* sword oppress'd,
 Had long been exil'd from their rock-built nest,
 On Edom's rugged hills, as loath to set,
 The sun of bygone summers linger'd yet :
 And men forgot,—or deem'd an idle tale,—
 The words of doom that hung o'er Petra's vale.
 It could not be!—that old portentous chime
 So long had slumber'd by the shores of Time,

of perpendicular rocks adjacent to the main area, and in all the lateral valleys and chasms ; the entrances of very many of which are variously, richly, and often fantastically decorated, with every imaginable order and style of architecture." Robinson, ii. 529, 530. " Indeed throughout almost every quarter of this metropolis, the depositories of the dead must have presented themselves constantly to the eyes of the inhabitants, and have almost outnumbered the habitations of the living." Irby and Mangles (quoted by Laborde.)

* See the Advertisement prefixed to the Poem.

Why heed it now? why talk of gloom to-day,
When Heav'n is blue, and Earth so green and gay?

So spake the men of old; and ev'ry heart
To festive revel, or to crowded mart,
Flew for its joy,—not oft'ner sought than found,—
So gaily there the circling hours went round!
And nurs'd were they in Luxury—and knew
The spot of earth where ev'ry pleasure grew.
Their fountains flung their waters to the skies:
Their groves lay steep'd in hues of Paradise⁷:
Here rose the gorgeous sepulchre, and there
Some fairy palace hung its roof in air:
While climes remote each costly gift supplied,
(For ships of Petra swam on ev'ry tide;)
And all the East, in conscious splendour, roll'd
At Petra's feet her jewels and her gold⁸.

O that her rocks had language! and might tell
In what wild shape the storm of vengeance fell^a.

⁷ Τὰ μὲν ἐκτὸς (says Strabo, speaking of Petra) κρημνοῦ ἀποτόμου, τὰ δ' ἐντὸς πηγὰς ἀφθόγους ἔχοντος εἰς τε ὕδρην καὶ κητέαν. xvi. 4. 21. (quoted by Robinson.)

^a A friend has pointed out to me the following passage in the Christian Year, which I must have unconsciously imitated in this couplet:—

The orphan'd realm threw wide her gates, and told
Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and her gold.

See Robinson, ii. 575, 576.

Swift—sweeping—sudden—whensoe'er it came ;
 Blighting and blasting,—like the breath of flame.
 One piercing cry,—one agonizing wail,—
 One voice from Edom's cities told the tale :
 One cry of bitterness,—and all was o'er !
 But the far echo smote the Red-Sea shore^b ;
 And peal'd along its waters—till the waves
 Made hollow answer from their coral caves^c !

How chang'd, O Edom, since that hour, the scene
 From what the morning of thy days had been !
 When many a valley rich with corn and wine,
 When streams of Earth, and dews of Heav'n were thine ;
 And flocks and herds—a patriarch's ample store—
 Till all thy cup with plenteousness ran o'er^d.
 Then Faith^e with thee her sacred mansion made ;
 And holy lips, within thy summer shade,

^b “Hear the counsel of the LORD that He hath taken against Edom The earth is moved at the noise of their fall, at the cry, *the noise thereof was heard in the Red Sea.*” Jer. xlix. 20, 21.

^c An Italian traveller relates of his voyage on the Red Sea, “that the weather was so calm, and the water so transparent, that he amused himself by observing the peculiarity of the depths beneath him; where weeds and corals grow to such a size, and so disposed, as almost to have the appearance of groves and gardens.”

^d The terms of Esau's blessing (Gen. xxvii. 39.) well agree with what we read of the pastoral wealth of Job. (Job i. 3.) See also the evidence of a similar kind afforded by Numb. xx. 17: but “He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground; a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.”

^e Job xix. 25—27.

Of bright Arcturus and Orion told;—
 And the sweet sway the wand'ring Pleiads hold^f;—
 And of the matin hymn which burst sublime
 From all creation at the birth of Time;
 When 'Earth self-balanc'd on its centre hung,'
 And 'all the morning stars' like seraphs sung^g. . . .
 Such were the themes thy children lov'd to hear
 When first they dwelt along the vales of Seir:
 While youths and maids from each romantic town
 Went forth in dances when the sun went down;
 And antique tale, and legendary song,
 And harp and timbrel^h made the night less long.
 But who are theseⁱ that kneel in lowly state,
 And plead for love at Petra's haughty gate;
 That urge by each endearing claim their prayer?—
 Thy kindred, Edom,—the redeem'd are there!

^f "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" Job xxxviii. 31, 32. See also ix. 9.

^g Job xxxviii. 7.

^h "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ." Job xxi. 11, 12.

ⁱ See the account of the application made by Moses for leave to conduct the Israelites, after their forty years' wandering in the desert, across the mountains of Edom, which was the shortest road towards the Land of Promise. Numb. xx. 14—21.

Scan well that brow,—and dost thou mark no line,
 No stamp of feature that resembles thine ?
 Does nought recall an old ancestral tale :—
 Two brothers bred in Hebron's happy vale ;—
 Far Mamre's oak—where blaz'd their altar fires ;—
 And Mamre's cave—where sleep your common sires
 Or if such plea, all cruel as thou art !
 Can wake no softness in thy savage heart,
 Yet feel for these—the youthful and the fair,
 The weary mother, and her fainting care !
 Yea, feel for all,—the mighty orphan host*,
 Which God, in love, hath guided to thy coast ;—
 Borne up on eagles' wings,—and fondly fed
 With angels' food,—and through the desert led
 By cloud and flame ;—and now, their wand'rings o'er,
 Speeds on their way to Canaan's quiet shore.—
 But what spake Edom ? Taunting words of ill,—
 And that keen knife,—a brother's threat to kill !

* It can scarcely be necessary to suggest in illustration of the preceding verses the history of Isaac's two sons:—Mamre, (or Hebron) where Abraham "built an altar to the Lord" (Gen. xiii. 18), (Who visited him there with two angels, on the mysterious occasion when the patriarch "stood by them under the tree and they did eat,") and where he himself resided ; and after him, Isaac, (and Jacob too :)—the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham and Sarah were buried, and where Esau and Jacob buried their father Isaac:—and the circumstance that all but two of

Of all the past no image fill'd his eye
 But Jacob's blessing—Esau's bitter cry :—
 He bar'd his sword !—On that unnatural day
 A curse came down when Israel turn'd away.

Years sped their course : the fierce Chaldean came,
 And Salem's walls were wrapt in robes of flame :
 Fair Sion's height with carnage all o'erspread ;
 Her temple fallen, and its glory fled :
 And *thou* wert there ! with unrelenting brow
 The first to slay—the first to triumph, thou !
 Foremost to hurl the blazing brand^m, and fill
 The festive cup on Sion's holy hillⁿ !
 Could none be found but thee ? Could wrath divine
 Be dealt on Judah by no hand but thine ?

those who entered the Land of Promise had lost their parents in the wilderness.

^l “For thy violence against thy brother Jacob, shame shall cover thee, and thou shalt be cut off for ever In the day that the strangers carried away captive his forces, and foreigners entered into his gates, and cast lots upon Jerusalem, even thou wast as one of them. But thou shouldst not have looked on the day of thy brother in the day that he became a stranger ; neither shouldst thou have rejoiced over the children of Judah in the day of their destruction ; neither shouldst thou have spoken proudly in the day of distress Neither shouldst thou have stood in the crossway, to cut off those of his that did escape,” &c. Obad. ver. 10—14.

^m “The Temple which the Edomites burned when Judæa was made desolate by the Chaldees.” 1 Esd. iv. 45.

ⁿ “As thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee for as ye have drunk upon my holy mountain, so shall,” &c. Obad. ver. 15, 16.

"Remember, LORD,"—the mournful captives cried,
 As sad they wept by Babel's willowy side°,—
 "O LORD, remember in that hour of woe,
 How taunting Edom prov'd our fiercest foe!"
 And that poor plaint, to Heav'n's high throne upborne,
 Tho' all that heard it curl'd the lip with scorn,
 Call'd down the wrath which spake from many a lyre
 In strains that blasted like the breath of fire:
 And the wild winds the accents swept along,
 Till Edom's cliffs re-echoed to the song.

On cold high hearts at first that warning fell,
 For Edom held his wind-rock'd citadel:
 From Petra's cliff look'd forth in impious pride,
 And Sion's wrath and Sion's God defied.
 Then spake a Voice—"Altho' thou build thy nest
 High as the stars;—and on the mountain's breast
 Sitt'st brooding like the eagle;—yet my frown
 Shall hurl thy glory and thy greatness down[†]:

° "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Sion. We hanged our harps upon the willows Remember, O LORD, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem; who said, Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof." Psalm cxxxvii. 1, 2, 7.

[†] See Jer. xlix. 16, and the quotation from the prophecy of Obadiah prefixed to the poem.

Yea, when all earth rejoiceth, there shall be
A desolation and a curse on thee¹!”

Go, mark her well—and lies she not forlorn?
The stranger’s wonder, and the heathen’s scorn!
Her royal roofs with nettles all o’ergrown²;—
Her many towns a wilderness of stone³;—
And save where swims the eagle high in air⁴,
No sound of life—no pulse of motion there⁵!
There springs no verdure in her pathless vales⁶:
The river flows not, and the fountain fails:
She keeps no feature of her ancient face:
There breathes not one of Esau’s royal race⁷:

¹ “Thus saith the Lord God; When the whole earth rejoiceth, I will make thee desolate.” Ezek. xxxv. 14.

² “For, lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men.” Jer. xlix. 15.—Not to overload the page with quotations, it may suffice to state that the accounts of modern travellers shew that the prophecies concerning Edom have all met with the most extraordinary literal fulfilment.

³ “And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof.” Isa. xxxiv. 13.

⁴ “He shall stretch out upon it the stones of emptiness.” Isa. xxxiv. 11.

⁵ “The owl also and the raven shall dwell in it.” Isa. xxxiv. 11.—Eagles, hawks, and owls are the only living creatures Irby and Mangles found at Petra.

⁶ “I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return.” Ezek. xxxv. 9. “From generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever.” Isa. xxxiv. 10.

⁷ “Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, O Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee; and I will make thee most desolate O Mount Seir, and all Idumea, even all of it; and they shall know that I am the Lord.” Ezek. xxxv. 3—15.

⁸ “There shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau; for the Lord hath spoken it.” Obad. ver. 18.

And while yon stars in tuneful circles roll,—
 While Summer cheers, and Winter chills the pole,—
 While Night and Day in soft succession shine^a,—
 So long shall Edom own her doom divine :
 Attest His truth, Who spake the word of old,
 And stand, a sign for ages to behold :
 A wreck thrown up on Time's deserted shore,—
 A blight—a blank—a curse for evermore !
 Daughter of Sion^b—fallen as thou art,
 Far other strains address thy sorrowing heart !
 Tho' bare thy mountains, and thy vales forlorn,
 Unblest by culture, yield thee briar and thorn,—
 Yet shall thy wilderness break forth and sing^c ;
 The myrtle smile,—the graceful cedar spring^d ;—

^a Cf. Gen. viii. 22, and Jer. xxxiii. 20 and 25.

^b As the sacred narrative of the fortunes of GOD's chosen people begins by setting before us the hostility of Esau and Jacob; and at intervals, as if incidentally, reminds us of that continued and ever-widening breach; so the prophetic canon, when it is drawing towards a close, constantly brings before us, and sets in awful contrast, the ulterior destiny of Edom and Israel (e. g. Ezek. xxxv. and xxxvi: Joel iii. 19—21: Obad. ver. 1—16, and ver. 17—21.) The writer judged he could not more fitly conclude his verses than by exhibiting this contrast, in terms borrowed from prophecy.

^c "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." Is. lv. 12.

^d "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree." Is. lv. 13. "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar. . . . and the myrtle; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together." Is. xli. 19.

Life-giving streams thy barren rock disclose^e,
 And all the desert 'blossom like the rose'^f!
 Thy scatter'd sons, tho' now they wander wide,
 Shall yet be gather'd to thy longing side^g;
 And all Ezekiel's solemn vision be^h
 A type of faithful Love fulfill'd in thee.
 Yea, tho' rude hands have spoil'd fair Salem's tow'rs;
 Tho' steps profane have press'd her hallow'd bow'rs;
 Tho' 'Siloa's brook' no longer softly flows
 Fast by the hill where once her glory roseⁱ;
 Yet fear not thou! the voice of Love divine
 Still cries—"Awaken thee!" "Arise, and shine"^k!
 'There is a river' which shall yet make blest
 Thy heav'nly home, the city of thy rest.
 That holy City, seen by prophet eyes^l,

^e "I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." Is. xli. 18.

^f "And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom like the rose." Is. xxxv. 1.

^g "Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side." Is. lx. 4.

^h Ezekiel xxxvii. 1—14.

ⁱ Isaiah viii. 6.—Dr. Robinson mentions that there was no water in the reservoir of Siloam, when he visited Jerusalem.

^k "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Sion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city." Is. lii. 1. "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Is. lx. 1.

^l "And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from

Waits but the signal that shall rend the skies,
 And thou shalt all the glorious sight behold^m,—
 The walls of jasper, and the streets of gold :
 The twelve bright Angels, eager to unfurl
 The twelve broad gates,—and ev'ry gate a pearlⁿ !
 The Tree of Life beside the crystal wave,
 With 'leaves to heal the nations,' and to save^o :
 And HIM reveal'd Whom thou so dimly knew,—
 The LAMB,—thy Sacrifice and Temple too ;
 Whom Seraphs veil their faces when they sing^p,—
 Thine own Thrice-holy Prophet, Priest, and King ! . . .

GOD out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Rev. xxi. 2.

^m "And there came unto me one of the seven Angels . . . and he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from GOD, having the glory of GOD : and her light was like unto a stone most precious." Rev. xxi. 9—11.

ⁿ It "had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve Angels . . . and the building of the wall of it was of jasper . . . and the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl : and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass . . . And the gates of it shall not be shut at all." Rev. xxi. 12, 18, 21, 25.

^o "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of GOD and of the Lamb . . . and on either side of the river was there the tree of life, . . . and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

^p "And I saw no temple therein : for the LORD GOD Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Rev. xxi. 22. "I saw also the LORD sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up . . . Above it stood the Seraphims : each one had six wings ; with twain he covered his face . . . and one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy." Is. vi. 1—3.

And there no Sun shall daily need to rise :
And there no Moon shall nightly sail the skies :
What need of sun by day, or moon by night ?
The LORD thy glory, and the LAMB thy light¹ !
Thy portion there, where Time itself shall be
One long, long rest—one sabbath-day to thee !

¹ "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. xxi. 23.

The Saint's-Day Sermon.

SUGGESTED BY A SERMON AT THE PAROCHIAL SERVICE IN

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, 28TH OCT. 1842.

1.

Grey saintly Towers scatter'd o'er the land
 By hands in Heav'n remember'd,—what are they
 But bulwarks strong where FAITH may make her stand?
 And Sanctuaries where CHARITY may pray?
 And turrets high—whence, of a brighter day,
 HOPE may espy the dawning?—All beside
 Of man's invention hasteth to decay:
 But those small Temples stedfastly abide,
 And built upon a rock, defy the 'whelming tide.

2.

But can it aught avail—year after year—
 That one within, in robes of white array'd,
 Should meet a few fond hearts to worship here,
 And pray with them the prayers their fathers pray'd?
 And, soon as he in holy earth is laid,
 That still another should his office take?
 Then spake the lips I lov'd—and what they said
 Went to my heart. O reader, for thy sake,
 I would I could recal the very words they spake!

3.

“Our service is a mystery. We fill
 The place our Master's wisdom once assign'd,
 Nor question *why*—content to know His will:
 Like men on guard—to whom their chieftain's mind
 Is a clasp'd book, for study undesign'd.
 Nor do we ever in His courts inquire
 If few or many be:—our joy we find
 In His sweet service,—and to nought aspire
 But telling forth His praise, tho' empty be the choir.

4.

“ For when, to human eye, no shape is there,
Deem not the aisle untenanted ! We know
That Saints and Angels in our homage share ;—
And shall we not believe that here below
They share our service ? that the words which flow
From us in praises, or are lisp’d in pray’rs,
In some mysterious way reflect the glow,
And echo back the harmony, of theirs ;
And so ascend to Heav’n, and grow seraphic airs ?

5.

“ Then deem not he, who feeds his flock afar,
An empty, formal, fruitless service brings :
But rather deem of him as of a star
That soars along with glory on its wings ;
‘ And in its orbit like an angel sings.’
Learn too of him, the louder raves the blast,
That Faith the closer to her altar clings ;
To prayer and praise,—to festival and fast ;—
And silent waits till all the tyranny be past.

6.

"No craven fear be thine, tho' man's poor tongue
 Should rail against thee. Wilt thou then refuse
 To bear the cross,—whereon thy Master hung?
 And be, like Him, insulted? wilt thou choose
 The world's brief Friendship—haply *His* to lose?
 Dread only this:—in aught offending One
 Who doth of Folly ev'n His Saints accuse.
 What *He* forbids,—be *that* thy care to shun:
 What *He* commands, dread thou in aught to leave undone!"

Worcester College,
 29th Oct. 1842.

Additional Stanzas.

ADVENT, 1845.

1.

[The voice is hush'd which spake those words to me.
It is not Death, nor distance ; yet there roll
What might as well Death's dreary waters be
Between my spirit and his sever'd soul :
Sever'd from duty,—sever'd from controul.
Alas for *him* ! Alas, that one who knew
So well to urge a brother to the goal,
Himself should faint,—himself should prove untrue ;
And take his stand (oh shame !) amid the faithless few !

2.

A still small voice took up the solemn theme,
 And thus went on :] “ Then, as the years roll by,
 Be thou prepar’d for trials sharp ; nor deem
 Thy lot a strange one, if,—perchance to try
 Thy Faith and Love,—there pass before thine eye
 A sight unlook’d for, unsuspected, now ;
 But when it comes—(’twill darken all thy sky !)—
 Nerve thy faint heart,—and fix thy earnest brow,—
 And gird thy feeble limbs,—and oh, be faithful *thou* !

3.

“ What? were it thine (forgive the thought!) to see
 Thine own sweet Mother sinking in distress ;
 Her sons departing ; and none left but thee
 To cheer her poor heart in its loneliness :
 Nay, were some wasting sickness to impress
 On her pale cheek the prelude to decay,—
Then would’st thou love that gentle Mother less ?
 Say,—would’st thou seek her rising plague to stay ;
 Or would’st thou be a wretch,—and turn thyself away ?

4.

"Nay, answer not ;—that tear is thy reply.
 Then mark !—thy Mother is Christ's Church on earth.
She gave thee life,—a life that cannot die ;
She gives thee food,—of which the precious worth
 Thou canst not know :—*she* fed thee from thy birth.
 Then, from such Mother, let what will betide,
 Beware thou shrink not ! Love her, in her dearth
 Of loving spirits. Closer to her side
 In sorrow, sickness cling ; and she will be thy guide.

5.

"Tell me no specious tale of 'pure desires,'—
 'Misgivings strong,' and 'youthful talents rare,'—
 Woe to the Church when boys would teach their sires,
 And Rashness sit in Learning's lofty chair !
 Woe to the Church, when novices shall dare
 To rend the seamless garment of their LORD !
 When they who vow'd, on bended knee, to bear
 Their part in 'building up,'—unsheathe a sword ;
 And pierce a hundred hearts, nor think such deed abhorr'd.

6.

"Heav'n keep thee steadfast then! these lessons known;—
 The Church's rights divine, and awful pow'rs :
 Her holy gifts,—her purity,—her own ;
 And all her coldness,—all her weakness,—ours !
 Who seek the fruit,—but never rear'd the flow'rs ;
 Then start, impatient, from the sad review :
 Nor heed how darkly Heav'n's high forehead low'rs
 On the rash soldier daring to renew
 On his anointed front the sacramental dew !

7.

"And yet,—(for Advent thro' the cold dark air
 Blows a shrill blast of warning, and the Night
 Is well nigh spent,)—do thou and I beware
 Lest the Judge come,—and we, in Love's despite,
 Be found with cruel hands rais'd up to smite
 Our fellow servant!—Many too remain
 On the dark waters, vex'd with weary flight :
 These a kind hand put forth may yet regain,
 And win them back to this,—their storm-tost Ark, again!"

Sonnet.

TO THE FLOWER "PERISTERIA ELATA:" CALLED BY THE
SPANIARDS "ESPIRITU SANTO."

(See the Engraving facing the title-page.)

Exquisite type of that, which lips like ours
 May scarce "express unblam'd!" There sits a dove—
 With brooding wings, and downcast look of love—
 Shrin'd in thy fragrant breast, thou Queen of flowers,
 That doubtless reign'd in Eden's blessed bowers! ...
 Thy petals three—more pure than earthly gem—
 Springing, co-equal, from a single stem,
 Angels might water with ambrosial showers!
 And Man, while gazing on thee, though he knew
 Nought of his Maker's image, might have guess'd
 Enough for Faith to feed on, from the view
 Of what he saw reflected on thy breast.
 O had we ears to hear—and eyes to see—
 And hearts to feel—we might Apostles be!

Houghton Conquest,
 16th July, 1845.

The Month of March.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND, (JOHN HIGGINS, ESQ.,
OF TURVEY-ABBEY, BEDFORDSHIRE,) IN PASSION WEEK, 1645;
AND SUGGESTED BY THE COMMON SAYING THAT "MARCH COMES
IN LIKE A LION AND GOES OUT LIKE A LAMB."

1.

"Comes like a Lion—like a Lamb departs,"—
So said of March our sires ; and it may be
The saying hath some teaching for our hearts,—
For March is holy^a ; and within it, we
May something find of holy mystery.
Is it no type of good men's hearts below ?
In life's young spring all lion-like and free,
They change their nature with their age ; and so
At last to lamb-like port and innocency grow.

^a The Nativity as well as the Passion probably occurred at this season.

2.

"Comes like a lion,"—why, so Moses came :
 A man of war ! and, prompt for vengeance, drew
 His sword against th' Egyptian. Not the same
 When forty years their tranquil shadows threw
 Across his fiery spirit ;—for he grew
 The meekest man beneath Arabia's sky !—
 And *he* was born in March ! and destin'd too
 In March to go forth on his errand high ;
 And, on far Pisgah's height, in March, unseen, to die !

3.

Peter's quick sword—and Paul's misguided zeal—
 What lion-hearts were theirs in life's young day !
 Yet who can read their aged words^b nor feel
 How all that fiercer nature ebb'd away ?
 And Judah's race a pattern stands for aye—
 "A lion's whelp," by dying Jacob styl'd,
 It grew to meekness ere the world grew gray.
 The Baptist bids us in one lowly child
 "Behold the Lamb of God"—most meek when most
 revil'd.

4.

Such my poor song—this cheerless Passion-tide,
 When snows are white on ev'ry neighb'ring hill;
 And winds (*His* ministers) careering wide,
 Each with its several errand to fulfil—
 Stamp on my cheek their salutation chill.
 Would it were worthier! but if one frail line
 Find welcome with ye, not in vain it will
 Have wander'd forth from this fond heart to thine;—
 And oh, that it may knit your Easter thoughts to mine!

^b Compare, for instance, St. Matt. xxvi. 33, 35, "Peter answered and said unto him, Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.... Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee,"—with 1 Pet. iii. 15, "Give an answer.... with meekness and fear," and v. 5, "Be clothed with humility."

*Worcester College,
 Passion-week, 1845.*

A Passage from the Book of Exodus.

No. I.

"AND THE LORD SAID UNTO MOSES, STRETCH OUT THINE HAND TOWARD HEAVEN, THAT THERE MAY BE DARKNESS OVER THE LAND OF EGYPT, EVEN DARKNESS WHICH MAY BE FELT....

AND THERE WAS A THICK DARKNESS IN ALL THE LAND OF EGYPT....

THEY SAW NOT ONE ANOTHER, NEITHER ROSE ANY FROM HIS PLACE FOR THREE DAYS: BUT ALL THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL HAD LIGHT IN THEIR DWELLINGS."

Exodus x. 21—23.

1.

When Israel dwelt in Egypt's land,
 And groan'd beneath the tyrant's pow'r,
 O LORD, 'twas Thine Almighty hand
 Sustain'd him thro' that dreary hour.
 When all the air at noon of day
 Was fill'd with gloom "which might be felt,"
 Thy smile was still a cheerful ray
 In ev'ry tent where Israel dwelt.

2.

And thus, O LORD, the faithful heart
Believes that it will ever be :
Thy love, we know, will ne'er depart
From those who truly trust in Thee.
When all the world grows dark with sin,
With *them* Thy smile will still be found :
Diffusing joy and peace within,
While all seems dark and cheerless round !

London,

12th June, 1838.

A Passage from the Book of Exodus.

No. II.

"AND THE LORD WENT BEFORE THEM BY DAY IN A PILLAR OF A CLOUD, TO LEAD THEM THE WAY; AND BY NIGHT IN A PILLAR OF FIRE, TO GIVE THEM LIGHT; TO GO BY DAY AND BY NIGHT.

"HE TOOK NOT AWAY THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD BY DAY, NOR THE PILLAR OF FIRE BY NIGHT, FROM BEFORE THE PEOPLE."

Exodus xiii. 21, 22.

I.

HE Who with all a Shepherd's^a care
 Led forth His chosen flock of old,—
 (Guiding them safe through ev'ry snare
 Till gather'd in their destin'd fold,)—
 Mov'd on, 'tis said, a cloud by day,
 A glorious shining flame by night;
 Now, shedding gloom along their way,—
 Now, gilding all their path with light.

^a Psalm lxxviii. 52.

2.

And still, O God, in sunny hours,
 When too much bliss might tempt to ill,
Thy cloud before us darkly low'rs,—
 And veil'd, Thou art within it still!
And *who* has ever seen, around,
 The light of all he lov'd decay,
Nor then in Thee a sunbeam found
 To cheer his steps, and guide his way?

Houghton Conquest,
22nd Aug., 1843.

A Fire-side Fancy.

OFT as, at night, I sit and muse alone,
 Bound by the spell of some enchanting page—
 Bard of old Greece, or half inspir'd sage—
 My kindl'd fancy takes a wayward tone :
 And straight, I hear what seems the midnight moan
 Of some poor restless ghost ;—or, it may be,
 The distant roaring of the sleepless sea ;—
 Or unchain'd winds that howl from zone to zone.
 Hark ! is it not a voice ? There seem'd to come
 A soft sad wail ;—but now, such carol wild
 As a young Mother chaunteth to her child
 Steals o'er the sense.—Go to—it is the hum
 Of a huge city ! while I thus inquire,
 I turn, and find—the kettle near the fire !

Worcester College,
 13th Dec., 1844.

Christian James.

How little meant the names men bore of old !
 Tokens in classic Greece of knightly birth,
 Strength, glory, justice, wisdom, civic worth,
 Or two in one,—was all the tale they told !
 And so in Rome,—what page you will, unfold,
 'Tis still the same : those mighty ones of earth
 Stalk by, suggesting neither grief nor mirth :
 In Caius, Quintus,—canst thou aught behold ?
 But *now*, how chang'd ! each common name brings
 down
 Some thought of Heaven ! John breathes all of love :
 Thomas, though shaded by a SAVIOUR's frown,
 And James, and Peter lift our hearts above :
 And Stephen brings to view a martyr's crown :
 And over Mary broods th' Eternal Dove !

*Worcester College,
 31st Jan., 1846.*

Ruth to Naomi.

INTREAT me not to leave thee in thy woe,
Or to return from following after thee :
For where thou goest, I will also go ;
And where thou lodgest, shall my lodging be.
Thy people shall my people be, for aye ;
And *thy* God shall be *my* God, even mine :
Where'er thou diest, I will also die,
And lay my bones contentedly with thine.
The anger of the LORD my portion be
If any thing but Death part thee and me !

London,
15th Sept., 1840.

II. Entop.

ADDRESSED TO P. FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.; INTENDED AS THE CONCLUSION
OF A LONG UNFINISHED POEM.

1.

Well,—they who choose may rail at Fortune's frown,
And vow that Life brings slender joys and few ;
But while the blessed Sun shines brightly down
On this green earth,—and while the skies are blue,—
And the birds sing,—and flow'rs of brightest hue
Nod their sweet heads in every desert spot,—
I can but feel such railing most untrue :
I cannot think that any are forgot ;
Or ever deem my own aught but a blissful lot.

2.

Alas, too prone to underrate the worth
Of unbought joys,—still on, from day to day,
We walk like blind men on our Mother Earth :
We do not prize enough the common ray :
Harmonious shapes, and colours which betray
A more than human Artist ;—sights which should
Send the sad heart rejoicing on its way,—
Wake little rapture, and less gratitude,
Tho' He who made them deign'd to call them "very
good."

3.

A quaint old Garden, seen at dead of night,
 When ev'ry moonlit leaf is lull'd to rest:—
 The crescent Moon when first she steals in sight,
 And hangs like some bright jewel in the west:—
 At sunset, on a lake's unruff'd breast,
 A single Star reflected:—Tow'r and Tree
 Darkly against the evening sky express'd,
 What time the bat is flitting noiselessly,—
 All these are common sights;—and yet, how dear to me!

4.

And so, to wake at Morning's fragrant hour
 And hear the mower whet his scythe :—in June,
 The sweet-voic'd Cuckoo from some leafy bow'r
 Breathing his soft clear note :—a fav'rite tune
 Heard when expected least, and hush'd too soon!
 The sound of Sabbath bells upon the breeze :
 A Fountain bubbling in the blaze of noon :
 The Wind that wails at night among the trees :—
 All these are common sounds;—and yet, how sweet are
 these!

5.

And dear to me the Owl's shrill tremulous cry :—
 The Rooks debating when the day is o'er,
 And stars are slowly gath'ring in the sky^c :—
 A Blackbird's evening-hymn :—the sullen roar
 Of Ocean chafing on the pebbled shore :—
 To drowsy ear the patt'ring sound of rain^d :—
 The laugh of little children at my door :—
 A dying anthem's last seraphic strain :—
 Oh, cold this heart must grow ere these shall plead in vain !

6.

And bold am I to vaunt these joys to thee,
 Friend of my heart !—for unto thee I know
 The simplest joys the dearest still to be !
 Thou, in thy study, when the red flames throw
 On many a gilded tome a ruddy glow,
 Dost count thyself a happy man the while.
 Blest in the converse those mute friends bestow,
 What lack'st thou yet thy leisure to beguile,
 So that thy bairns be near to glad thee with their smile ?

^c ἄστρων κάτοιδα νυκτέρων δμήγυριν. Æsch. Ag. 5.

7.

Here my song ceaseth. Well content am I
 On this brief page to leave the rest untold.
This let the Muse whom thou so faithfully
 Hast lov'd and follow'd thro' the years of old—
 This let the Muse of History unfold!
 To her I leave the care of thy good name.
 In these frail rhymes I do but seek to hold
 The mirror up to nature: but I claim
 For thee far higher praise than what the world calls Fame!

⁴ Who has not been agreeably astonished when first he met with this truly English sentiment in Sophocles? It is the exquisite fragment numbered by Dindorf, 563:—

Φεῦ φεῦ, τί τούτου χάρμα μείζον ἂν λάβοις
 τοῦ γῆς ἐπιψάσαντα κἄθ' ὑπὸ στέγῃ
 πυκνῆς ἀκοῦσαι ψακάδος εὐδούση φρενί;

London,
 17th July, 1841.

Miss Althea

THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

No sounds of labour vexed the quiet air
From morn till eve. The people all stood still,
And Earth won back a Sabbath. There were none
Who cared to buy and sell, and make a gain,
For one whole day. All felt as they had lost
A Father; and were fain to keep within,
Silent, or speaking little. Such a day
An old man sees but once in all his time.

The simplest peasant in the land that day
Knew somewhat of his Country's grief. He heard
The knell of England's Hero from the tower
Of the old Church; then asked the cause, and sighed.
The vet'ran, scarr'd on *that* tremendous field,
Fought o'er the battle for the thousandth time
With quaint addition; and the little child
That stopped his sport to run and ask his sire
What the thing meant? picked out the simple tale,—
How he that drove the French from Waterloo,
And crushed the Tyrant of the World, and made
His Country great and glorious,—*he* was dead!
All, from the simplest to the stateliest, knew
But one sad story: from the cotter's bairn,
Up to the fair-haired Lady on the throne,—
Who sat within and sorrowed for her friend.
And every tear she shed became her well;
And seemed more lovely in her people's eyes
Than all the starry wonders of her crown.

But, as the waters of the Northern Sea
(When one strong wind blows steady from the pole)
Come hurrying to the shore; and far and wide
As eye can reach, the creaming waves press on
Impatient: or, as trees that bow their tops
One way, when Alpine hollows bring one way
The blast whereat they quiver in the vale,—
So millions pressed to swell the general grief,
One way;—as one way all the world seem'd drawn.
Or if—through evil hap, and unforeseen—
Some stayed behind, their hearts, be sure, were there
The whole day long;—could think of nothing else,—
Hear nothing else,—see nothing!

In his cell
The student saw the pageant: spied from far
The long-drawn pomp which reached from west to east,
Slow moving in the silence: casque and plume,



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